

## Just Another Day by MistressYin

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**Summary:**

Day.

That's all it was.

Meaningless.

(Just like him)

# Just Another Day

## Author's Note:

Hi. I was really down when I wrote this, so uh, angst.

And the phrase of the day is...Just another day

He was tired, and try as he might, he couldn't shake off the feeling.

It was bone deep, hitting him in the eyes and neck and pinning him to place, making accomplishments feel miles away and standing up feel like a chore in itself.

His vision was blurry and he was hungry. Deep bruises lined up his arms, carefully concealed by white sleeves folded neatly at the bottom.

Today was Steve Harrington's seventeenth birthday. One more year, just one more year of this house and he'd be done.

He'd survived seventeen already, hadn't he?

His back ached and didn't stop aching no matter what position he shifted to. His feet stumbled, hunger racing up his stomach once more, his body telling him he needed something to consume.

Food surrounded him in the cafeteria, but none of it was his. None of it would be his, according to his empty pockets.

This time he gulped, his throat dry. He had only had sink water from the bathroom today.

He probably should get some more. But that would involve either telling someone where he was going, or practically sprinting to the bathroom far, far away because lunch was almost over.

He sat himself down at his seat, across from some girl and her boyfriend he shared a few classes with. His hand twitched, wondering if they had any cigarettes with them to distract the ever-growing hunger pitted in his stomach.

It's not like he could just ask someone for some food, he didn't know anyone willing to just hand it over, and 'he' was wealthy. Why the fuck would he need there food?

The encompassing exhaustion crept back to him, making him wonder anxiously about how much time he had left to just sit down and not do anything before he had to pick his feet back up and move.

How long had it been since he'd had more than his father's spare alcohol? He could pin point a granola bar and pills around two days ago.

Had it been two days?

His head throbbed.

Seventeen years old. He felt just as shitty as he had yesterday. His mouth was still dry but he was too fucking tired to get to the bathroom, it wasn't worth it even as his throat itched.

His eyes drooped. Sleep sounded good, but such a waste of time, really. He had to work around his father's schedule and knew for at least two hours he wouldn't have the energy to get back up afterwards so right now he should be doing homework but the only problem was he didn't have enough time to get any of it done.

He wished there were more hours in the day.

If he wasn't going to work, then couldn't he sleep?

Surely he had something better to do then sleep...

The bell rang.

Oh right, he had class to get to now. No extra sleep.

Grabbing his bag he began walking towards the door, eyes zeroing in on his destination.

His legs ached.

One foot after the other, step, step, step, step, one foot after the

other, just a little ways more...

The girls boyfriend shoved him in the side, sending him careening to the left. He heard laughter and hummed with a faint grin that felt misplaced on his face, but couldn't find the energy to say anything more.

Tick tick goes the clock not much time left.

When did he start standing? Now apparently. Back up he made his way to the door and through it, but felt no success that he imagined would come for completing such a daunting task.

He was too tired for success.

Tired of school. Tired of worries. Tired of smiling. Tired of getting yelled at. Tired of sore legs and feet and headaches and the emptiness of his stomach. Tired of beatings.

Tired of life.

His footsteps were still a struggle, but only in the back of his mind as his pain came forefront and dulled the reality of his Ever. Dragging. Existence.

His head was fuzzy, his stomach burned.

His eyes hurt.

Was he in class now? Looked like it. It wasn't like he had had any false notions on being stopped on his way that to be wished a happy birthday.

Happy birthday.

Birthday.

Day.

Day that his mother died.

Pain aching hurt why—

His was leaned back against his chair. His bruises stung cruelly, mocking him.

He buried his face into his hands and wished he could scream.

Remember where you are, Steve. He told himself.

He sat back upright but made sure not to lean too far forward or too far backward to pull on the open wounds lacing around his spine.

He pulled out the book someone from his peripheral vision got out and sat it in front of him, reading the words but still stuck in his head and focusing entirely on his feelings.

He felt like he never got anything done. He couldn't even find the energy to make himself happy on his birthday.

Day.

Just like any other day.

Except worse.

He was tired.

But why did that matter? After all, he was tired every day.

And today wasn't special.

It was just another day that meant nothing to the world.

He bit his lip to keep the laughter at bay.

Nothing to the world.

**Author's Note:**

Thanks again from MistressYin!